

White Bread

Buck 65

Military perfection. Fragile tranquility. Artificial familiarity. Civility. What happened? Nosey neighbours died of suspense. Have a nice day and stay on your side of the fence. My crew was called the Right Angles. We made a remark, We played in the park and we're afraid of the dark. Declared destroyed and paranoid in the bathroom. Checkers 3-D movies and Pat Boone records. At noon that tune becomes my own truth. 22 grown youth crammed inside a phone booth. Davy Crocket. Magic tricks. They call me 'Crazy Pockets'. Butt kicked. A-bombs. Sputnik. Navy rockets. Napalm and mustard on hot dogs at the diner. Shoulder blades of older dates and waitresses on roller skates. Solar plates and gasoline. Vaseline. Oh, Fanny Mae. Hardware - the family trade. Planning a panty raid...

Beach blanket party. Clean faces, serene places. Silence between spaces and submarine races. Obscene cases of extreme racists. Stone jerk. Diminished and degraded when I'm finished doing the homework. White bread. Nose bleed. Chose speed. Don't need to grow weed. Law abiding citizen. Exposed greed. Two-shoes. Optimistic, hoping for better weather. Pretty girl with a ponytail I'll let her wear my letter sweater. Working up a sweat. Bench press. Chin up curls. Action-adventure in my bedroom with the pin up girls. Perry Como. Johnny Mathis. Astronomy classes. Crap You've been slapped wearing a coon skin cap. Fingers and demonic jaws. Peace treaties. Atomic laws. Cosmic flaws. Conspiracy theories and the Masonic lodge. Milkshake - spilled mine. Guilt finer than silk twine. Baby-doll: built fine. Lighting up the tilt sign...

What'cha gonna do when the bad man comes back?